

THE
Melancholie Knight.

B, S. R.



¶ Imprinted at London by R. B. and are to be sold by
George Loftus, in Bishopsgate streete, neare the
Angel. 1615.

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THE
Mesdagioe Kynge

MS. A. 2. 1.



To Respective Readers.

~~Homibonial~~

Allants expect no idle newes,
For carrying tales I scorne to vse,
Imploy their tongues that way who will,
Mens heads with strange reports to fill,
Of what is done in forraigne landes
I cleer from those things wash my hands,
I meddle not like light-brain'd men,
With this and that, and where & when,
And how and which and what and why,
And thus, and so, I scorne it I,
I haue a melancholy Scull
Is almost fractur'd tis so full
To ease the same these lines I write,
Tobacco boy a pipe, some light.



Introduction.

V *Hen Phobus Charlot (flaming lining fire)*
Was drawne with winged horses to the West,
And obscure darknesse clad in blacke attire,
Had summon'd ev'ry sleeping eye to r'st,
The cloudie curtaines of the heauens were spread,
And glorious day from faire Aurora fled.

The windes were all lockt up and nothing spoke,
The drizzling waters murmur was not heard,
No fire was seene, yet all the ayre seem'd of smoke:
The starry lamps were from their shiasing barr'd
Fower-footed trampers, althad drowsie heads;
Bush-breeder's wrapt up in their feather-beds.

An uniuersall slumber ceas'd on all,
To bury cares in sleepes forgetfulnesse,

While



Introduction.

While dreames and visions did in question call,
 Charginz the minde with much unquietnesse,
 And did present an obiect to my sight,
 That made next day to wonder at last night.

I sawe, (or seem'd to see) a well scap'd man,
 His body formed comely as I thought;
 Yet not describe him perfectly I can,
 Because his outside was so ouer-wrought,
 With Taylors art, new fashion'd from the stall,
 What I beheld was but mansmaking all.

His face being masked with his hat pull'd downe,
 And in french doublet without gowne or cloake,
 His hose the largest ever came to towne,
 And from his nostrels came much stinking smoake;

Garters

Introduction.

Garters would make two ensignes for a neede,
And skoo-ties that for circle did exceede.

His head hung downe, his armes were held acrosse,
And in his hat a cole-blacke feather stooke,
His melancholy argued some great losse,
He stood so like the picture of ill lucke:
I longed much his humour for to finde
Vntill at length he thus reueal'd his minde.



THE MELANCHOLY KNIGHT.

LIke discontented *Tymon* in his Cell,
My braines with melancholy humours swell,
I crosse mine armes at crosses that arise,
And scoffe blinde *Fortune*, with hat ore mine eyes:
I bid the world take notice I abhorre it,
Hauing great melancholy reason for it.
Ile put my case (and if the world doe please)
To fowre mens censures, and they shall be these;
For my part Ile haue *Riot* iquin'd with *Pride*,
Take Couetousnesse and *Fraude*, on th'other side,
And all I haue shall thereupon be laid,
Which is not much, if all my debts were paid:

A

B

That



The Melancholie

That when these honest men giue vp awarde,
 They will confessē the world doth vse me hard,
 Whcn my agreeuances doe once appearc,
 Which I in briſe will only point at here.
 The cause from whence my melancholly growes,
 To the iudious will it ſelte diſclose:
 Oh wicked age, of wretched daies and times,
 Wherein I write these *melancholy* rimes!
 Vngradefull world, falſe and vncouſtant foun d
 To thōſe braue mindes, to whom thou moſt art bound:
 I haue red ouer (while youths glasse did run)
 Sir *Lancelot* of the Lake, the Knight of th'Sun,
 Sir *Triſomour*, Sir *Benis*, and Sir *Guy*,
 Fowre ſonnes of *Amor*, hors'd ſo gallantly,
 And all the old worlds worthy men at armes,
 That did reuenge faire Ladies wrongs and harmes;
 The Monſter slayers, and the Gyant killers,
 With all the rest of *Mars* his braue well-willers,
 Which to rehearſe I never ſhall be able,
 The Worthies *Arthur* had at his round Table;

And

Knight.

And how in *Chronicles* those dead ones lie,
 By breath that *Fame* doth from the *Trumpet* giue.
 But what an age is this my fellow Knights?
 (I meane all you whom *melancholy* bites)
 As it doth me, the *loniall* fort I leave
 That haue their hundreds yeerly to receive;
 For they and I, I know shall neuer meeete
 In Golding lane, nor yet in Siluer streete;
 My *melancholy* walkes finde spacious roome
 With pensiuue pace, about Duke *Hunfress Toome*,
 Where many thoughts aboue the Steeple climbe,
 That humbly walke away their dinner time:
 Yet in despite of *Fortunes* turning wheele,
 In scorne of gold I ware it at my heele;
 Euen in contempt of wealth my spurres are guilt,
 And siluer's common in my Rapiers bilt;
 I hate the Idoll misers dote vpon,
 Being as bigge in heart as *Prestre John*,
 Disdaining *rezants*, *Rusticks*, *Beores* and *Clownes*,
 My minde is full of Castles, Towers, and Townes,

The Melancholie

Wood, wildernesses, stately fields and groues,
 With cattell, most innumerable droue,
 Corne, precious odours, spice, heart cheering wine
 The Ocean full of ships me thinkes is mine,
 And who can haue a richer mind then this?
 Only possession is a thing I misse,
 And want of that same powerfull point in Lawe,
 Makes me remember late a peece I sawe,
 An artificiall feast which rare did looke:
 But yet because the Painter plaid the Cooke,
 To make the gazer to his prayse a debtor,
 The eye was pleas'd but stomacke nere the better.
 Euen so my minde, which is an empire to me,
 Yeelds hautie swelling thoughts, and they vnde me,
 Leauing me only an old song to sing
 The ballet of the Begger and the King,
 But that I can abide no musike now,
 My melancholy will no mirth allow,
 Therefore take warning resolute set downe,
 To all the fiddling fellowes in the towne,

That

Knight Men

That they approch not neere my tauerne roome,
 On paine ot itabs to be their fatall deome.
 If but their sight my presence doe annoy,
 Ile finish all their daies from man to boy,
 The like for th' Talor for his scrawling billy,
 I take his *leems* most distastfull ill.
 If he presume to aske my worship thinke it wondre
 With poiaud point his doublet d^ebopinked.
 The Mercers man that plyes me so ofter yme,
 Before I croste his booke Ile cross his pate.
 A Gallants minde beyond all reason frets,
 To pay for worne suites, out of fashion debts,
 To come for money due in eightie nine,
 Will make a man that's sot of cashe repined han^dlin^g no Y
 Yet there's *Hungarians* that on tearmes doe stand,
 As if one still should haue his partie in^s handliq^g
 But let all such talken notice what I lay,
 My humor's to receiue, not now to pay,
 It is an easie case to understand,
 Tenants will shrinke, when Land-lords sell their land.

The Melancholie

For 'tis not now as in the dayes of old,
 When men were willing to depart with gold,
 Giue longer time, friend Creditor to debtor,
 Angels grow proud because sh'are twelue pence better
 And very scaice withall I will be iworne,
 When to keepe Knight-hood company they scorne,
 For I that know their abfence may be bold,
 To cleere my hand from this corrupting gold,
 Looke to it Lawyers vnto you they flicke,
 And you must answere for them more then I,
 You can transforme their case from good to euill,
 Turning an angel off into a Diuell,
 But let the Devill haue a golden clawe,
 You will defend him any lute in lawe.
 Physicians, likewise, must be offered too,
 Orelse both pill and potion will not doc
 He that into their purging hands doth fall,
 Must bring a sacrifice Angelicall,
 But both may sterue for what they get of me,
 If with my Creditor I once agree.

7 Knight.

Ile leaue friend Lawyer to his *Littleton*,
 For little good with me there will be done,
 And so for Doctor-purge an's glistern pipe,
 His dyer should be wort than lowce and tripe,
 If I his Patients Physick might persuade,
 We would vndoe him quite and spoyle his trade.
 Take the rare hearbe that growes on *Iudas ground*,
 (In Tauerne and in Alehouse so renown'd)
 Smoke noses with the same from one to other,
 As though your faces were all sea-cole smother,
 Make fogges and mistes ascend in hot degrees,
 Snuffe some into your nostrils till you neele,
 And spit and spawle vntill your throats be choking,
 But above all things keepe your noses smoking,
 For that's most *Blacke-ame* and *Maire-like*,
 And fume the brauer in your braine will strike,
 Then rhume it out, and doe nospitting spare,
 Fo absolute *Tobacconist* you are:
 This is braue physick for braue Caueleers,
 This at both ends vpward and downward cleeres;

Twill

The Melancholie

Twill make one sober that was drucke before,
 Fill a pipe boye before I write line more;
 So, he's a health vnto the good estates,
 Of all our Poets that haue smoking pates:
 The *Muses* blesse their braines with store of wit,
 Ineere knew Vsurer amongst them yet,
 That puts out hundreds to ingender tennes,
 Their stocke consists of paper, inke, and pennes,
 And a few bookees, their value prouing small,
 When sometime rated on a Brokers stall.
 But what haue I to doe with what they pawne,
 Or sell, or giue, or dedicate by fawne,
 Let me suruay mine owne house well within,
 Where no excelle this many a day hath beene,
 I scorne both siluer cups and gilded plate,
 Common with basest tradesmen growne of late,
 Tinkers and Coblers and such vulgar asses,
 I loue to drinke Gentleman-like in glasses,
 The rare french fashion is preferr'd thereby,
 Which graceth out good wine vnto the eye.

line T

Or

Knight. off

Or be it our owne natvie English beere,
 A glasse presents it to you comely decre
 If it be thicke, or thin in watry plight,
 The Brewers fault will that way come to light:
 Besides, you know by fire great losses growes,
 Which to preuent (as all my neighbours knowes)
 I seldome times haue any chimney smoke,
 Except great cold extreamely doe prouoke,
 Yet often then, for feare of doing harme,
 I lie a bed till noone, and keepe me warme.
 Likewise, I doe not wastfull spend my store,
 In drawing idle Beggers to my doore:
 For if I should, the Country would come downe,
 And bring a charge of poore vpon the Towne;
 No, there is none shall frame by me excuses
 And taxe or charge me with these great abusess:
 And as for gluttons feasting at my Table,
 Let them that are more willing or more able,
 For I protest, who surfeits on my cheere,
 Within the compasse o' these seauen yere,

C

Ile,

69

The McLancholie

Ile pay for's physicke on my knightly word,
 If he lebelworne he tooke it at my boord:
 I keepe a table hanging in my hall,
 The Poetry is my inuention all;
 And though I say it, (wanting others praise)
 The Morals fit most rarely for our daies,
 A frugall house, if dorthe instruct to keepe
 Matter in this age to be weighed deepe,
 Although the lines are written but with inke,
 A man may call them golden Rules I think,
 Because this doth advise to saue his purse,
 The empty plague whereof ther's nothing worse.

Ile be no miser of them to my friends,
 Because good counsell, no wise man offendes,
 Thus they begin, th'are plaine, but to good ends.

Into my spacious Hall who enters here,
 Must not expect to meeete with belly-cheere,
 No Diues dinings, nor yet Nabals feasts
 Our dyes doth distinguish men from beasts:

Knight.

In steede of fat beefe breake-faſt ſwhen we riſe,
A pipe of good Tobacco will ſuffiſce,
Which both diſchargeþ all the rume we haue,
And doth the charge of other drinking ſane.
Bak't, roſte, ſod, at noone is vulgar feeding,
But aaintie ſailors they are moſt exceeding:
Strong drinke make ſtrong diſtentions thiſ iſ ſure,
Your ſmalleſt beere, ſmall quarrels doth procure;
At night, light ſuppers if you light vpon,
Diſtention eafe wiſt be quickly gone:
An egge new laid iſ physicall rare roaſted,
And ſo iſ cheeſe of the welch fashion toaſted;
Beefe, Mutton, Porke, Yeale, Lambe, (groe dyets folly)
Are breeders of expence and melancholy,
Small birds, ſmall fish, ſmall reaſons and ſmall beere,
May ſaue a knight, a hundred pound a yeere.
Let ſuch as will ſhuſt prodigall expence,
Learne to obſerue good wholsome rules from hence;
Thole that are of another humour, ſo
Each man his owne purse credit best doth know;

C 2

So

The Melancholie

So I doe mine, for as before I said,
 The Golden-age and Siluer is decay'd:
 Oh now comes on a *melancholy* fit,
 To write of Golde and not possesse a whit;
 Once more *Tobacco* boy, He fmother griefe,
 I tarry for it sirra, quicke be briefe.
 What say es the knaue that keepes the smoaking shop?
 Will he haue money ere I drinke a drop?
 Doth he deny to trust me one pipe more?
 Tell him, Ile nere pay penny off my score
 Vnlesse he send me presently his best.
 And furthermore, thus much I doe protest,
 Choller doth stirre my furie vp so grim,
 If he deny to smoke me, Ile smoke him:
 Shall I be held for such a younger brother,
 As not be trusted for a little smother?
 Is ready-money so vpon the spurre
 That debts like Lawyers may not vse demurre,
 Why then the auncient speech most true doth chane
 Heers yours, ther's mine, no longer pipe then daunce:

Well

Knight.

Well, leue that knau because he deales so base,
 Fetch me *Tobacco* at another place,
 Bid him send good, and set it on the score,
 He shall haue all my custome for great store;
 If these same foolish knaues had any wit,
 My custome would afford much vse of it:
 For to all Guls that come why they might vowe,
 A *Knight* had of this very rewle but now,
 Who daily sends and likes it passing well:
 And thus my name their bad for good might sell,
 And vtterance thereby would not be small,
 So I deserue the best, and trust withall:
 But fooles there are cannot occasion see,
 A very Cobler shall as welcome be
 That payes his readie money at the stub,
 As I that come a trust to worships dub,
 This makes me *melancholy* as a Cat,
 And in mine eyes doth cause me pull my hat,
 To thinke how all men carefully prouide
 To ioine with money on the stronger side.

The Melancholie

Let it be foole; or asse, or dolt, or gull,
 More sheepish then the Sheepe that weares the wooll,
 No language, but the Countries that did breed him,
 Taught by the prating Nurse which did spoon-feed him,
 Got vp to London with a stick in's hand,
 And there seauen yeare at some stall talking stand;
 His trauels, *Islington, Henn:y, or Hyegate.*
 Yet this smoth fellow with his cunning sly pate,
 Will scrape, and scratch, and spare, and pinch and saue,
 Beyond my wealth for all the wit I haue.
 And note the spitefull case twixt him and I
 Let me on credite any where goe buye,
 And he in's purse haue ready money plentie,
 Where I haue one Sir they le afford him twenty:
 Yes sir, and I sir, welcome sir, indeed sir,
 When I shall haue tis money that wee need sir,
 This Gentleman, (then haue a hat he must)
 Payes present quoyne, in truth we cannot trust.
 Heere be the fellowes with the nimble hammes,
 And they haue learn'd to liue without their dammes;

Such

Knight.

Such as haue skill to sell a peece of stiffe,
 And hauing wealth, why they haue wit enough.
 Admit a man shoulde brauely vndertake,
 To trauell further then sir *Francis Drake*,
 And with more languages his tonge were cloy'd,
 Then there was vs'd when *Babell* was destroy'd:
 What of all this, when tryall shall be found,
 T'would neuer serue to take vp twentie pound:
 Let Scholler bring his Hebrew and his Greeke,
 And with the same a hundred pound goe seeke,
 The Vsurer in English will reply,
 Sir I must haue some good securties:
 Come Traueler from *Turkey, Roome, or Spaine*,
 And take a fute of trust in Burchin-lane,
 Let him bring newes to furnish all th' Exchange,
 And make himselfe admired at most strange:
 Some Citizen must passe his bond or bill,
 Or else the Gallant rests non-fused still.
 Let Souldier come with scarre-becarued skynne,
 And talke of *Newport* battaile he was in:

Seige

The Melancholie

Seige of *Ostend*, and braue exploits in *France*,
 To golden credite twill him no aduance;
 Who le take his word for lodging, or for diet?
 Hemight haue stay'd at home and kept him quiet:
 Perhaps will some say, and haue saud an armie,
 Or Musket shot had done his legs no harme,
 And this hath made me never venter farre.
 I once was ouer-Sea to see the warre,
 Where souldiers spent both blood and life most free
 But I protest not one the lesse for me:
 No, killing men? I euer did abhorre it,
 Yet doe not hold me to be Coward for it:
 For if I were constrain'd to doe my best,
 My sword should be as naked as the rest,
 There's certaine rules which I intend to seve,
 First Ile not fight vntill I can not chuse,
 And all my Creditors, while I doe live,
 Shall haue good words, though nothing else I giue,
 Give me the lye my patience milde receues it,
 Knowing I often lye; when none perceives it.

And

Knight.

And therefore that same tearme doth ne're perplex me,
 But if I vs'd not lying, sure it wold vexe me.
 Good company doth very much delight me,
 I ne're thinke scorne who euer doe intire me;
 The poorest man that keepes the meanest house,
 I'le take his pudding, or his peece of souce,
 His housshould loate, his butter and his cheeze,
 Such curtisie by pride I will not leese,
 If it be offered me, I will not faille
 To take my neighbour Coblers pot of ale.
 With meane good fellowes I can well agree,
 And leauer rich Kninghts as wel as they leau me:
 Yet shall my Lady haue her owne desire,
 To match their Ladies in their brane attire:
 For shee's a Gentlewoman (though I say it)
 That doth deserue to domineere and fway it,
 To Lady it, she seru'd a Lady taught her,
 Well bred and borne a good rich Graziers daughter,
 One, that if once he bid the world good night,
 His death would cure the *Melancholy knight;*

D

And

The Melancholie

And make him mightie with excessiue wealth,
 But I am sick to thinkypon his health; b
 A lustie man and yet aboue threescore:
 If I should die and goe to heauen before,
 Which I thinke not, but if I so were crost,
 All that estate were e'ry peny lost:
 With him I play the Polititian so,
 I haue his loue most absolute I know,
 Rundlets of Sack, with suger-loaues and spice,
 I send as tokens that may loue intice,
 Which if I did not hope to finde at large,
 He shold be hang'd ere I would bear the charge.
 For now adies I hold he grosse doth erre,
 That spends his money for I thanke you sir,
 I am behoden to you for this kindnesse,
 Count me a bussard if I shew such blindnesse:
 No, I haue one gift groweth not amisse
 To take all comes, be whatsoere it is.
 As for example, when I let a lease,
 And raise my rent vnto the most increase;

When

bitA

C

The Silent Knight.

When th'utmost pety I haue brought it to,
 Before I seale the same, why thus I doe,
 I adde a Capon, Turke, Goose, or so,
 At quarter day my Tenants loue to shew,
 And no man is so simple and absurd,
 That he will loose his bargaine for a birde,
 Thus doe I fetch my subtill hob-nailes in,
 More craftier growne by ods then they haue bin;
 But let them growe as cunning as they may,
 There's trickes to fetch them in and make them pay.
 'Tis not amisse to keepe such fellowes vnder,
 That they and riches may be held at under,
 For it their wealth come to a little hight,
 They thinke themselves their Landlords fellowes streight,
 This is a thing that ought not be allow'd,
 But Ile keepe mine for being ouer prond,
 They shall not boast of pen-worths at my hand,
 In any thing they hold of house or land.
 What charge haue they but homely country fare,
 Or what discredit if their clothes be bare,

D 2

When

The Melancholie

When I must maintaine shew of gallant life,
 Especially vpon my Lady wife,
 Who (I protest vnto my very friends)
 More in apparell then my rent is, (pendes):
 My rent, poore rent, like to a garment rent,
 As that's past wearing that is almost spent,
 If one fat kinsman or another dye-not,
 And that vnlucky handed Death supply-not,
 Ere long the wandring Knight I will goo play,
 And put out venters at retурne to pay:
 As, who will vndertake giue three for one,
 When I doe that which hath bin done by none,
 Namely, returne from Salsbury to London,
 And number iust those stones (to this bower ydone),
 The Diuels bastard Merlin placed there,
 Which admirable doe each other beare:
 Or when I crosse the Ocion into Franee,
 And bring from thence king Pippin's warlike launce,
 Mounseur Malignants armour of gold plated,
 (Which would proue very wholsome to my state)

And

Knight.

And hundred projects which I keepe obscure,
 Vntill the practise I doe put in vre.
 Another helpe I haue at a dead list,
 As I could turne *Aſcumifſt* for a flaſt,
 Shift laid I, that ſame word I will conuerſt,
 Leauit ſome conclude it for a ſhifting art:
 Yet for the rime ſake, (cause I am in haſte)
 Ile let it paſſe, how euer it diſtaſte,
 And ſuch as make a queſtion, let them trie it,
 For on my credit there is profit by it,
 But how? note that, not out of braſſe and copper
 To turne that gold in qualitie iuft propper,
 But turning off againe to the profeſſor,
 That of a wealthy Nouice is profeſſor,
 'Tis a deepe Arte to try conculſions by,
 And may be called *Craft*, or *Mys-er-ry*:
 There is no Science that a man can name,
 Makes all profeſſors rich that uſe the ſame.
 Some man hath gotten much by *Aloumifte*,
 And many men haue loſt, he nor deny.

D 3

And

The Melancholie

And on my credit I dare boldly say,
 I know the getting and the loosing way. I
 Why then may some obieſt vnto me ſir: and I ſayd vnto you A
 What is the cauſe your ſelfe you not preferre? A
 He ſhew them reaſon for it by and by, A
 And thus conceiue it in a Simily. A
 An Angler goes to take himſelfe ſome fish, A
 Hauing baite, line, and hooke vnto his wiſhed ſkill, A
 He patient waither with a fixed ſight; A
 Yet taketh none because they will not bite. A
 Few words will ſerve to ſatisfie the wiſe, and I ſayd vnto you A
 Picke English out of this, let that ſuffice, A
 Tobacco boy, and a cleane pipe withall, A
 Sirra a candell, tis in haſte I call, A
 I once kept men, (whofe liueries being worne) A
 For ſauing charge, a boy now ſerves my cauſe, A
 Amongſt the reſt I had a beetle-head, A
 Of vulgar education Clowniſh bred, A
 Whom I call'd to me as alone I ſate, A
 And tooke Tobacco, which he gaue me at hand from vna
 Sirra

Knight.

Sirra (quoth I) vnto the staring owle,
 Giue a cleane pipe, and burne this same, tis fowle,
 So he supply'd may vse still with a new,
 And thole which I return'd away he threw,
 When none was left, hast burn'd those pipes I said?
 (Quoth he) sir I as good a hand haue made,
 With them you bad me burne, our fire is small,
 And so to make short worke I broke them all:
 The Clownish villaine, thinking I did burne them,
 As out of vse, I did intend to turne them;
 Quicke, drie Tobacco, fill a pipe compleate,
 And then my pen goes forward in a heate,
 There's newes, rare newes, new newes come to my hand,
 The like never since the conquest in this land;
 Call'd Trew and wonderfull the story saies,
 A Serpent newly whelped in our daies:
 Nay more, a Dragon is title fitter,
 Because he is a verie poison spitter:
 Some he hath kill'd, but ate them he refuses,
 And neere to Horsham, worse then horseplay uses.

For

The Melancholie

For he hath slaine (they say) I know not who,
 Nay, is beside a Cony-catcher too,
 Suppos'd to liue by thecuing in the warren;
 Which if he doe't will make the burrowes barren.
 But if according to the Bookes direction,
 The Carrier tell vs of his strange infestation,
 It shall be seene the *Melancholy Knight*
 Like valiant *George* will with the dragon fight.
 Let him wrap vp his body in a bundle,
 And with his poison vp to *London Trundell*,
 Ile arme my selfe directly at all points,
 And on the Dragon venter limbis and ioynts,
 He or she Serpent, I will set vpon her,
 To raze my worship to degre of honour,
 I hope it is notequally so fierce,
 As that same Monster *Chronicles* rehearste,
 Which came out of the *Irish* seas a shore,
 The like whereof was neverseen before,
 With whom the king *Meridius* would go fight,
 Forbidding combate to each other Wight;

For

The Tylor of Knyght.

For which braue resolution which he held,
 He was past hope and helpe most cruell kill'd;
 If he be such I will vnsay't againe,
 I long not to be desperately slaine,
 And set vpon a poison-sutting thing:
 Hath teeth and clawes, and venome, taile and sting,
 That were sole-hardy to expesse my life,
 And make a mourner of my Lady wife:
 And therefore for atme I will forbearre,
 Till of a second part imprint I heare,
 Which shall no sooner (I protest) come out,
 But Ile take horse to ~~Horsham~~ for a houer,
 And so I leauue this filthy scurvy Dragon, good thid mi ned
 That never yet did foyle a Knight in bragg on
 I chaunc'd of late an ancient booke to viewt,
 As good as *Bewis*, and as strange and true, byt att housel
 Of Lyons, Leopards, Fligars, Beates and Bores,
 And such ill faces as in Forests zones cov
 Amongst the rest was one that had a den, wherof the bones
 Pil'd like a wood-wharfe with the bones of men,

E

Hee

The Melancholie

He had a head most fearefull to behold; i sumid didd n're
 Wherin, tw a dayes like globes of fire rold, gon firs & w'f
 Teeth terrible to bite through flesh and bone, d'but se
 A forked tongue the like was never knowne, d'cition gnd I
 Clawes past compaire to scratch downe trees withall
 A stng in's taile would enter thtough a wall,
 Ide protest, I was almost afraid to v'ind slo
 To reade the strange discription that was made,
 Of this den-diuell, (sure he was no lesse) tol sprots in A
 As by the story any man would ghesse: tng l noot a foli T
 Yet by a valiant Knight, this fame hot shot on thd dard W
 Was hew'd as small as fleshe unto the pot,
 Then in that booke a Dragon I doe finde
 The like is not among the Dragons kinde,
 Th' inchaunted Dragon of the darkesome shade,
 Of seauen mettals all compos'd and made:
 And that the world shall witnesse I am red
 (Gainst melancholy vexings in my head)
 In auncient stories courage to prouoke,
 Not spending all my time in taking smoke,
 Although

sol

E

Silord Knight.

Although my wo: ship's scandal'd now and then
 Amongst the ruder sort of vulgar men,
 But that I turne and overturne againe.
 Old booke, wherein the worm-holes doe remaine,
 Containing acts of auntient Knights and Squires,
 That fought with Dragons, spitting forth wilde fires
 The history vnto you shall appeare,
 Euen by my selfe *verbatim* let downe heere:

As thus,

Sir *Eglamour* that worthy Knight
 He tooke his sword and went to fight,
 And as he rode both hill and dale
 Armed vpon his shirt of mail:
 A Dragon came out of his den
 Had slaine, (God knowes how many men:)—
 When he espied sir *Eglamore*,
 Oh if you had but heard him roar,

E 2

And

The Melancholie

And seene how all the trees did shake,
 The Knight did tremble, horse did quake;
 The Birds betake them all to peeping,
 It wold haue made you fall a weeping:
 But now it is in vaine to feare,
 Being come vnto, fight dogge fight beare.
 To it they goe, and fiercely fight
 A liue-long day from morne till night:
 The Dragon had a plaguy hide,
 And could the sharpest steele abide,
 No sword will enter him with cuts
 Which vext the Knight vnto the guts;
 But as in choller he did burne
 He watch'd the Dragon a good turne,
 And as a yawning h. did fall,
 He thrust his sword in hilts and all.
 Then like a Coward he to flie
 Vnto his den that was hard by,
 And there he lay all night and roar'd;
 The Knight was sory for his sword:

But

Knight.

But riding thence sayd, *I forsake it,*
He that will fetch it let him take it.
 And so I hope to the iudicious wife,
 Thus much of this rare story shall suffice,
 To proue how I in worthy workes am read,
 How ere illitterate censures are misled:
 But as I will not vaunt of my deserts,
 So will I nothing more mine owne good parts;
 I haue a Musc hath beene at Hellwood,
 And braine some-time that verled th flow upon
 The world shall know though *Melancholy bites*,
 The discontented *Money-souning Knight*,
 I haue interiour excellency that shines
 Beyond your earthlings gold and siluer mines:
 Once more *Tobacco* to perfume my braine,
 He smoke amongst you in my Poets vaine.

E 3

Melan-

K

The Melancholie

Melancholie Concerts.

R Apier lie there, and thare my hat and feather, a new red
 Drawe my silke curtaine to oblique the light, M i shal i
 Goose-quill and I shall ioine a while together, O bind on A
 Lady forbeare I pray, keepe out of sight, nallen shew on F
 Call pearle away, let one remoue him hence, no more bytter
 Your skrecking Parrot will distract my sense, no more summe I

Would I were neere the rogue that cryeth blake,
 Buy a new Almanacke, doth vexe me so:
 Forbid the maid sliue winde not vp the lacke,
 Take hence my watch it makes too much a doe,
 Let none come at me dearest friend or kin,
 Who ere it be, I am not now within.

To

Silon Knight Mar T

To Fortune.

THOU pur-blinde puppet for a Trads-mans staulc,
 Thou limping Ladie of the Hospitall;
 Empresse of *Epicures* and belly-gods,
 With whom I vowe to live and die at odds;
 Thou mole-cy'd, owle-cy'd, Countess for a spicte,
 That giues to some too much, to mee too little,
 Thou whirly-gigge, and rats-bane of my life,
 Which by thy wheel d'ost seeme some wheel-wrights wife.
 Thou make-base to a discontented minde,
 Thou water-bubble, waftfull passe of windes,
 Thou flying-feather of a wood-cock-wing,
 Thou Heathenish and very Pagan thing,
 Thou Misers friend, thou worthie Gallants foe,
 Thou scurie Bailat of *I male in moe*,
 Thou

The Melancholie

Thou that all discontentment dost prouoke,
 Thou wroste me then this Tobacco stroke.
 Thou that Rage, Fury, Envy dost importune,
 Lett Hick thee, thou curuy minded Fortune.

To Ladie Pecunia.

A Pin for them that dare a point for me,
 And that's the loue betweene my selfe and thee,
 Proud Lady of the gold and siluer mine,
 Thou scorn'st my company, I banish thine
 What stampē soever thou about dost beare,
 And causest many sorē stampē and sware,
 Or runnest current quodine, from man to man,
 I am not currant thou hast made me wan,
 And therefore since thou givest me vngift,
 In being stranger to my purse and chescō,
 Not looking on me with thy golden face,
 Nor yeelding me angelicall embrace:

Expresse

Knight.

Expressing loue by pounds most kinde and willing,
 But comitt to me by sixe-pence, and by shilling;
 To bethy Treasurer I doe abhorre it,
 Ile neither purse nor chest, nor baggethee for it,
 But vse thee even in all disgrace I may,
 To eate and drinke, and dice thee still away.

To Patience.

Long haue I waited at thy woefull gate,
 With expectation to augment my state,
 And sought for her which cannot yet be found,
 The Lady that makes crazie credits sound;
 She that I thinke will here be friends with me,
 Because a lunder we so often be:
 But *Patience* I protest thou art to blame,
 And I haue cause vpon thee to exclame,
 Thou dost neglect, deferre, protract, delay,
 And puts me emptie off from day to day;

F

When

The McLancholie

When I expect to haue my wants supply'd,
 Sayes, helplesse friends, *Patiencē* good sir provide:
 Who can take vp an hundred pound, I pray,
 And pawnc some *patience* till he come and pay:
 Or trade with Tradel-man be for what it will,
 That will take *Patiencē* hand n̄to his bill.
 No masters no, all gripe to get their owne,
 And I from *Patiencē* am impatient growne.

To Fame.

THou art the Lady that I seeke to please,
 Before *Pecunia*, *Fortune*, *Patience*; these
 Are all inferiour in renowned name,
 To this eternall honour-giuer *Fame*;
 Say I had *Fortunes* gifts in large degree,
 Why fooles haue fortune we doe daily see.
 If moneyes Lady would for me provide,
 More quoine and plate, then is in all Cheape-side:

Let

Knight.

Let *Sowes* saying in this case suffice,
 There are more wealthy fooles then wealthy wise;
 If I take *Patience* phisick for my sore,
 And wate with her at expectations dore,
 What's the reward will follow? even this,
Patience and pouertie in th' end will kisse: when I foyd w n O
 Therefore I le set wit working like a watch,
 Some rare vñknowne inuention to dispatch
 That all the world could not haue brought about,
 If I had not beeene borne to finde it out: and I foyd b n A
 And when I haue it (being yet vnbegotten),
 I shall haue *Fame* aliue, and dead and rotten.

To Time.

THou Register of old Antiquities,
 Observer of the worlds iniquities,
 Surveying life from birth till *Death* intoombe,
 From *Adam's* making, to the day of doome:

F 2.

That

The Melancholie

That in thy restlesse cunning dost admit
 Of actions lawfull, or of things vnfit,
 And hast thy head behind of purpose ball'd,
 Because thou never wilt be backe recall'd;
 But wear'st a locke before I vnderstand,
 On which I never yet could lay my hand.
 I haue expected (thou graue auntient father)
 Thy helping hand, and I protest the rather,
 Because they say that *Time* by turnes doth goe,
 And hitherto I haue not found it so:
 Therefore for some good turne, one of these daies
 I challenge thee, or Ile disprooue thy praise,
 And I write of thee according as I find,
 That thorow age thou art both ball'd and blind;
 Finde out a time, good *Time* for to relieue me,
 For at this time, *Time* very bad doth grieue me.

Knight.

To all miserable Misers.

You carelesse raking, greedy getting flaues,
 That never haue enough till in your graues,
 Vntill Death haue you prisners in his hold,
 As you in chests locke vp your bagges of golde,
 You that haue that excessive wealth lyes by,
 Would furnish twentic such poore Knights as I,
 I doe detest you all as dunghill swaines,
 You dogged Nabals with your cursed gaines,
 That loue base lucre so entirely well,
 You le venter soules, as Dives did to hell;
 And heere I vowe, promise, and firme protest
 I scorne this hoarding money in a chest,
 That golden sin on me shall never light,
 As cleere as is the childe was borne last night;
 From keeping money lying on my hand,
 So much kinde gentle Reader understand,
 With Bias I doe giue the world this flout,
All that is mine I beare with mee about.

F 3

To

The Melancholie

The Conclusion.

THe Fryer that his braines did breake,
 To make a brazen head to speake,
 And spent his study seauen yeere,
 Ere that perfection would appeare;
 Then fell a sleepe when he shoud watch,
 Trusting his man a foolish patch,
 That to it gaue no heed at all,
 But heard the voice and wold not call:
 What was the gaine he got at last?
 Three words, *Time is, Time was, Times past,*
 And those for this time I haue tooke
 To end my melancholy bookees.
 Especially, last of the three,
 Which is *Tim's past: farewell to thee:*

FINIS.

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